

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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In order not to lose sight of the subject started in our last, we shall briefly pursue the process of thought by which the ancients, meaning of course the Greeks—the masters of all philosophy—and their pupils, the Orientals, who have sublimed their every doctrine, and in whose writings must be sought the extent and development of which the Greek philosophy is susceptible, have connected the universe and man—the immaterial with the material—by the laws of harmony. In different parts of Plato's *Parmenides* it is proved that the *one* is a whole and has parts; again, that it is not a whole and has no parts; the key to which, as well as to a variety of other paradoxes on the same mysterious number, is afterwards synthetically given by him in the admission, that the *one* changes from each state to the opposite, and, for an intermediate period, is in neither. This esoteric enunciation of an elementary notion, is rendered intelligible by Locke, who lays down the same doctrine in a way that those who run may read, thus:—“amongst all the ideas we have, as there is none suggested to the mind by more ways, so there is none more simple than that of unity or one. It has no shadow of variety or composition in it. Every object our senses are employed about, every idea in our understandings, every thought of our minds, brings this idea along with it; and therefore it is the most intimate to our thoughts, as well as it is, in its agreement to all other things, the most universal idea we have.”

The perfection of every attribute, it was argued, lies in its meeting and embracing its opposite; and hence it followed, that whatever embodies with more than ordinary precision the powerful law of *oneness* or unity, at the same time that it comprises plurality, is, as a consequence, the more excellent. This granted, the ancients applied the doctrine to music, and extended it thence so as

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to embrace the spheres and all that they contain, by the following chain of reasoning. The effect of cadences, concordant tones, and metrical verses, is on account of their eminent and particular relation to unity; and the better poised, or more harmonious, a temperament is, the closer is it affined with the perfection of *oneness*, and the more perfect its organization. Now, said "the world's grey fathers," since it is ascertained, in the science of music, that there is no more exquisite ratio than that of equal intervals, and every ratio not some way resolvable into one of this nature, passes beyond the limit of concord, and falls into the class of discords—the element of harmony is similarity, which is an image of unity.

Unity is pure proportion; and when, referring to the planetary movements, the sages of the *adyta*, or inner temples of science, speak of the "voice of the Heavens," they symbolize that fine proportion which is the bond of regularity to all this world of existence and decay. Transferring then this proportion to the form of tones and notes, the ancients assumed that here was the acme of harmony; and that on the same concordant proportion depended the connexion of the soul with the body. Thus the soul feels an essential affection for any similar proportion, and wherever it observes one, is attracted and moved to it. Thus beauty is no other than a correspondence in parts, and rhetoric and eloquence depend on the correspondence between the divisions of a discourse, and between its language and the decorum of the situation. Now, the effect of tones depends on their mutual proportion. In short, there is one and the same principle, which, if prevailing in the attempered particles of the elements, is equipoise; if in tones, is pure and delightful interval; if in gestures, grace; if in language, rhetoric and eloquence; if in the limbs, beauty; if in the mental faculties, equity.

Applying equity to the concerns which regulate the conduct of life, they classified it into three heads; as, the relations of property and rank, those of transactions and dealings, those of discipline and correction—in which three, they affirmed the principle of proportion to be both manifest and operative. The source of equity, or law, they derived from Heaven, as the source of pure proportion or harmony; but it is not a little surprising to find that a principle, elaborated with so much ingenuity of reasoning and developed so as to comprehend all the duties of life as well as man's relation to eternity, should have been recognised by the rude and war-loving Arab; since if we may credit Herodotus, the early races of these predatory *nomades*, worshipped a personification or symbol of equity, in the shape of a weight.

ON MUSICAL STUDIES.

Notwithstanding the public and private instructions given in music by able men who devote their lives to the pursuit, there still are persons to be found cherishing the persuasion that this art has no fundamental rules; or rather, that its rules are but shackles, which it is expedient to shake off as soon as possible. This prejudice, which had birth at a time when the rules of composition were in reality but so many enigmas, is attributable to the obscurity of style in writers, who talked a language which they did not understand, and of practical men incapable of teaching what they themselves could do sufficiently well.

Now-a-days, musical professors are no longer uneducated. Indeed, some of them lay down their theories with elegance—all with clearness. But the prejudice exists not the less; on the contrary, the apologists of ignorance, resting on the numerous successes of a new style of music, endeavour to establish it as the order of the day.

Before ranging under their banner, let us inquire how far they have reason on their side, and examine—

1. Whether the reputation of superiority in music, enjoyed by the Germans and Italians, be due more to the influence of climate, or a particular organization, than to judicious studies :

2. Whether it be sufficient to feel, in order to judge of the merits of composition :

3. In fine, whether rules be shackles which are injurious to genius.

Certain physiologists whose delicate ears have often been wounded by the hoarse and discordant noises of the French, on their festival days, deny to that nation all musical capacity, on account of the imperfection of their auricular organs. To this we cannot subscribe. The French are a vivacious people, and have no lack of aptitude for any of the arts. They would in all probability arrive at the same results as the Germans and Italians, were they to employ the same means—namely, to enforce a well directed study of music, as one of the essentials of education.

In Germany, children of all classes learn, at one and the same time, the gamut and the alphabet. The students of the university occupy themselves not only with the study of languages, sciences, and law, but also with that of music. Throughout the country the schoolmaster is a teacher of music. If we look to Italy, we find that, from a period the most remote, there have been musical academies at Bologna, Milan, and Venice. From these establishments all Italy has drawn its taste for music.

In France, before the revolution, were some establishments where no uniformity of doctrine was to be met with; each teacher having his own system, which was not unfrequently a vicious one. Since that period, there has been only one Parisian Academy for Music. What immense progress has been thereby caused in the art! In no country have such rapid advances been made. Italy, on the contrary, having attained the summit of glory, is verging to decline; which, however, she will owe to the negligence with which composers now write, and the disregard of the resources of the art for the feeble means of natural harmony.

The superior musical sentiment of the Italians and Germans is mainly attributable to their education rather than to any peculiar perfect organization.

The influence of climate is equally well regarded as giving more or less aptitude for musical studies: though it holds good with reference to the style to which those studies are directed. Thus the nations of the north, who live in the midst of frost, under a gloomy and silent sky, are less expansive, and more thoughtful than those of a milder climate: they eagerly seek for strong emotions, and their concentrated passions require a vigorous harmony to excite them. They have besides few fine voices, and their languages are hard; hence then, their preference of the effects of harmony.

The inhabitants of the south are more sensible of the charms of melody; too happy, too indolent for thought, they content themselves with sensations entirely material. A pure and lively sky, smiling fields, picturesque views, and the sweetness of their languages, give birth to the light and joyous songs which they produce. Their *barcarolles* flow as softly as the gondola on the surface of the water.

These general and physical causes may be attributed to the characteristic difference existing between the music of the Italians and that of the Germans.

In France, where the two climates just mentioned, are as it were blended, and where the language is neither remarkably harsh nor melodious, there is nothing, it would seem, opposed to the formation of a complete and satisfactory system of music.

We now come to the second question—Whether it be sufficient to *feel*, in order to judge adequately of a musical composition.

Music is the language of the passions, and, as such, has its grammar, its rhe-

toric, and its philosophy. In the same manner as several letters united form a word which raises an idea, so several sounds united form a chord, which gives a complete result for the ear.

The combination of chords, like that of words, constitutes the expression. The period, semicolon, and comma, have just the same office with that of the final suspension and incidental cadences in music. So far the grammar. Now for the rhetoric: When we proceed to discourse, there are, as in literature, an exordium, an exposition, a peroration, which are taught for all long and important pieces—as symphonies, quatuors, overtures. Then as to the philosophy, which, may be called the rationale, or explanatory part, (*partie raisonnée*), it consists in the scientific combination of sounds, from which result the double and triple counterpoints, &c., canons, fugues, and generally, the fugued style.

Having established this parallel, we may deduce the consequence, that, if well directed studies be indispensable to render a man a competent judge of literature and the arts of design, then sound musical study must be necessary to the formation of a competent judgment in musical productions. In fact, a little candid observation will suffice to convince us that music—a fugitive art, which scarcely leaves us time to perceive the sensations to which it gives birth—is more difficult to estimate, than any of the other arts. Yet it is the only one of which, generally, people know nothing; for the art of reading music must not be confounded with that of writing its inspirations.

We should remark the division into two distinct branches; one called *execution*, familiar to many persons; the other *composition*, in which there are but few adepts. When any one limits himself to the former, that is, to the acquirement necessary for playing on an instrument, be it what it may, or for singing, and has no notion of the constituent principles of the art, how is he to judge of its effects.

Among all those who attend a concert, how many are there who are capable of estimating the beauties of a passage, in the admirable symphonies of a Beethoven? The plan of the work, its developments, the art of certain combinations, all this passes unnoticed by the generality, who are far more struck by the effect of a solo, on account of the particular sound of the instrument.

Now place the same assembly in a gallery of pictures. There each painting may be examined at leisure, and the labour of the artist be analysed at will. Independently of these advantages for observation, every person has some notion of design. At the theatre, in like manner, the public are competent judges of a tragedy or comedy. Knowing the principles of the language in which they are addressed, they are offended by a gross fault or defect; while the barbarisms of music have no effect on persons who pretend to constitute a tribunal, from which there is no appeal. The natural conclusion is, then, that the elements of language and design being taught in the schools, all persons of ordinary education are fit to form a judgement of the production of those arts—but that it is not the same with music.

Let us now inquire whether serious labour be necessary to the formation of a good composer. Dilettanteism will proceed at once to resolve the question, by mentioning the celebrity of Rossini. This is great and well-merited, and far be it from us to dispute it—but we dispute that Rossini's is an example of uncultivated genius, as many of his admirers thoughtlessly affirm. That great composer has devoted the best years of his life to his musical education; and if he has not deeply inquired into the purely scientific points, it is because he only wished to write for the theatre, where this is not indispensable. An exquisite tact, sensibility, and great vivacity, make him in life extremely successful. Such was his object, and he has attained it. But will any one infer from this that science is useless or prejudicial? In making this one concession in favour of the theatre, are there no other styles of music? By good fortune there are. Then let us not restrict our pleasures to one; and if we wish to have masses, oratorios, and symphonies, and even theatrical music of a certain quality, let us admit the necessity of rigid musical studies, for they alone can satisfy us.

We may be told that dry studies have seldom produced distinguished composers. This is to be accounted for on two grounds,—the first is, that nature is rather sparing of men of genius: the second, that young aspirants are often

alarmed by the obstacles which must be overcome before their fame can be spread, and thus abandon the career in disgust. The products of science without genius are always useful, and often highly valuable; those of genius without acquired knowledge almost always fail of developing the true principles of art. In short, a true *chef-d'œuvre* can only proceed from the union of science with genius.

We think, then, first, that musical faculties are everywhere to be found, and that the want is, of musical education. Secondly, that a thorough knowledge of the principles and progress of the art is indispensable to him who will pass a judgment thereon. And thirdly, that scholastic rules invigorate genius, instead of impeding its flight.

MEMOIR OF M. HEROLD.

THIRTY years ago the French school was rich in composers of remarkable merit; Mehul, Lesueur, Berton, Devienne, Della-Maria, Kreutzner, Catel, Boieldieu, Gaveaux, produced numerous compositions, and the reputation of their success redounded to the honour of their country. Since then death has cut off some of these artists in their youth, others in the very vigour of their talents, while the muses of others have again sunk into silence. It was a grievous loss when an individual of such a party was consigned to the tomb; but there was consolation in contemplating the survivors. What a difference now! How deep must be our regret when we see one of the most celebrated musicians of the day ravished from us by a premature death! Herold is gone—I look around and can only indulge in the hope of something that futurity may bring forth; one, and one only, of his compeers is left to us.

Louis James Ferdinand Herold was born in Paris, the 28th of November, 1791. His father, who was a pianiste of some merit, and a respected professor, notwithstanding the early and decided proofs of a musical genius which the son evinced, had no intention of bringing him up to the profession. At ten years old he was placed at one of the best boarding-schools of the time, where he made a brilliant progress in his general studies, which had afterwards no doubt its effect on his career as an artist. The author of this notice, at that time a scholar of the Conservatorio, resided in the same house as teacher of the *sol-feggio*. Herold, as well as his fellow pupils, attended the lessons, but his progress was much more rapid than that of any of the other scholars; nature had made him a musician; he learned, or rather seemed intuitively to imbibe, the principles of the art as a matter almost of play, without appearing to suspect his own strong determination towards it.

The early death of his father made a sudden change in young Herold's destination in life and in his studies, music being by that circumstance rendered his profession. Already a good musician, he entered the Conservatoire in October, 1806, as a student of the pianoforte in the class of M. Adam. His hands were well formed for the instrument he had selected; the lessons of the able master who directed his studies soon made him a distinguished performer. Under the instructions of Catel, he prosecuted with success the study of harmony, and placed himself under Mehul to learn the art of expressing on paper the musical ideas which already began to present themselves to his imagination. The lessons of this great artist, and, perhaps, still more his conversation, always piquant, and full of ingenious and acute reasoning, had the most happy effect in developing the faculties of young Herold: his progress was that of a man born to be an artist; one year and a half's study qualified him to enter into competition for, and obtain also the grand prize for composition given by the institute in August, 1812. The cantata which he composed for this occasion (*Madame la Vallière*) does not perhaps quite indicate the exalted talent he was destined one day to exhibit; but it cannot be denied that it contained sufficient proofs of a very happy disposition for his art.

In November of the same year, Herold set off for Rome as a pensioned student of the government. Most of the scholars who are fortunate enough to obtain that great object of their ambition, the first prize in composition, still look upon the time which the rules of the institute oblige them to pass in Italy, and

particularly at Rome, as little better than a kind of exile. This was not the case with Herold; he had long sighed after Italy, the country which seemed in his imagination to teem with musical inspirations. Often has he declared that the time he passed in the capital of the Christian world formed the happiest epoch of his life. After three years of labour and study he quitted this classic land of antiquity, and went to Naples; here he appeared to live quite another life. The cloudless sky, the pure, vivifying, and elastic air, the beauty of the views, the natural enthusiasm of the natives, all conspired to work him up to that feverish anxiety to compose which is no where else felt with a like intensity. He was tormented with a wish to write for the theatre, and it was not long before the opportunity of gratifying his wish occurred. Soon after his arrival in Naples, he succeeded in bringing out an opera in two acts, entitled *La Gioventù di Henrico Quinto*. Herold has not suffered the music of this piece to be seen by his own countrymen; all that is known of it is, that the Neapolitans found it to their taste, and that it was performed several nights with undisputed success. This is the more remarkable, as at the time Herold thus brought out his opera, the whole of Italy, and the Neapolitans in particular, had an invincible prejudice against all musicians of the French school. A composer born on the banks of the Seine writing an opera for the Teatro Fondo, and the Neapolitans not only listening to, but applauding his music, was a novelty of which there was no previous example.

M. Herold returned to France towards the end of 1815: he had not been long in Paris before he had an opportunity of trying his force upon the French stage. Boieldieu, who had observed the germs of a fine composer in the young artist, determined to assist him over this first step, always so difficult to surmount, owing to the bad management of the theatres. He associated him with himself in the composition of a little *opera de circonstance*, called Charles of France, on which he was then engaged. This opera, which was performed in 1816, introduced Herold to the public in a favourable manner, and in consequence the libretto of *Les Rosieres* was intrusted to him. A three-act opera will always afford the composer some good opportunities of displaying his powers; Herold availed himself of his opportunities, and produced some *morceaux* which proved he was no ordinary musician. The inexperience of a young writer was to be traced in the work, but there were seen here and there some flashes of fancy, which showed that the author had been doing violence to himself, in order to bring his writing down to the level of the style to which the frequenters of the Théâtre Feydeau were at that time accustomed. Yet, notwithstanding this kind of wavering uncertainty of manner, which is to be found in the score of *Les Rosieres* there are no doubt many points in it which deserved more admiration than they received. At the end of 1816, this piece was performed at the Opéra Comique with a success which had its effect on all the future life of the author.

La Clochette, an opera in three acts, followed soon after *Les Rosieres*. In this opera, M. Herold displayed much more passion and dramatic force than in his former production, and it was plainly evident that he had made great progress in the art of writing for the stage. The graceful and piquant little air, '*Me voilà, me voilà*,' a duet in the second act, and several charming phrases scattered through other parts of the opera, proved that the author had the power of inventing melodies; while the finale of the first act, and several passages in the second and third, show the hand of a dramatic composer of no low class. There were besides in the instrumentation many new effects; but not a tittle of all this was understood by the audience. The piece was successful indeed; but its success was much more owing to the scenery and spectacle than to the merit of the music.

Nearly eighteen months elapsed before Herold obtained another opera to compose. This interval he employed in writing fantasias, and other pieces of that kind; a style in which he produced many pretty things that hardly met with the degree of encouragement they deserved. His taste led him determinately towards writing for the theatre, and he was sometimes irritated at the injustice which rendered it so difficult for him to get within the doors. Tired at last with waiting for the good libretto he was so constantly wishing for, he consented to write music to a three act comedy called *Premier venu*. This piece was witty, but cold,

and the most unfit possible for being turned into an opera; it had not even the merit of being new, on the contrary it had been a long time a stock piece at the Théâtre Louvois, from whence Vial took it to the Opéra Comique. Nothing could be more unfavourable to the display of Herold's warmth of manner than this comedy; he could infuse no fire into it, and perhaps its coldness communicated itself to the unfortunate composer; however, as a man of real talent cannot compose three acts without giving some proofs of his genius, the *Premier venu* contains an excellent trio between three men who pretend to be sleeping.

The desire of writing for the theatre tormented Herold incessantly, but the means were as constantly wanting; authors appeared not to have sufficient confidence in his talents to confide their poems to him. This state of abandonment determined him at length to take up another old comic opera in one act called *les Troqueurs*, and write new music to it. It was performed in 1819, the exertions and talents of the actors supported it through a few nights, but the piece (which was the first of the kind ever written in Paris) no longer suited the taste of the times, and it fell to rise no more. A sort of fatality seemed at this time to attend all the efforts of one whose first appearance on the stage had given promise of so brilliant a career. An opera in one act, called *L'Amour Platonique*, was given him in 1819 to compose; the music was required with the utmost rapidity, and sent as soon as written to the performers to study. At the general rehearsal some charming passages were remarked; but the libretto turned out to be feeble in the extreme, so much so that the author left the theatre before it was concluded. In 1820, M. Planard intrusted him with a pretty comedy of his called *L'auteur mort et vivant*; unfortunately, this piece again contained no situations in which a composer could have an opportunity of doing justice to his own talents, and the very cold reception it met with during a few representations, added nothing to M. Herold's reputation. This last disappointment appears for the time to have completely discouraged him from making any more efforts in a line which had proved so unfortunate; for during the next three years he never wrote anything, but seemed to have entirely abandoned the theatre.

During this interval the part of accompanist at the pianoforte in the Italian Opera became vacant: Herold applied for, and obtained it. From this period the duties of his situation took up the greatest part of his time; and he employed the rest in writing a great number of pieces for the pianoforte. Thus did this artist, in the flower of his age and full vigour of his talents, find himself in some degree repulsed and driven from the theatre for which he had been born. Such phases of bad fortune occur in the lives of most men of merit.

The silence of three years to which Herold had been condemned, gave way to a renewed desire of writing for the theatre, of that ardent character which is commonly a forerunner of success. His first production after so long rest was *Le Muletier*, performed at the Opéra Comique in 1823. The success of this was at first doubtful, but at length it was established in the public favour, entirely on account of the merits of the composer. The music of *Le Muletier* is highly coloured, dramatic, and full of happy thoughts and new effects. *Lasthenie* followed, a composition of a graceful character, and which had only one fault: viz. that the story was taken from the Greek at a time when Greek stories happened to be entirely out of fashion. Consequently, this production made little impression on the public, though it ran through a certain number of nights, and, at all events, the connoisseurs did justice to the talents of the composer. The success of the French armies in Spain in 1823, gave occasion to the writing an opera entitled *Vendôme en Espagne*, in the composition of which Herold was associated with Auber. The pieces which he wrote off-hand for this score contained some happy thoughts, which he afterwards worked up and employed with success in his future productions.

In 1824 Herold was again charged by the managers of the Opéra Comique with the composition of a little *pièce de circonstance* (which however outlived the occasion for which it was written), called *Le Roi René*. The following year he composed for the same theatre another one-act opera entitled *Le Lapin Blanc*, but nothing could be less fit for music; in fact, words and music were equally feeble.

In this part of the narrative it becomes necessary to state, that during his three years of retreat, a great change had taken place in Herold. A constant witness of the success of Rossini's compositions, which he had been accompanying almost without intermission at the Théâtre Italien, he persuaded himself that the only means of obtaining the public favour was by imitating more or less the musical forms that were in vogue. Many others partook of his error, who did not partake of his talent, for him it was a deplorable mistake, as it withheld him some time from following the route his own genius, left to itself, would have pointed out.

Marie, an opera in three acts played at the Opéra Comique in 1826, marked the return of M. Herold to the style which suited him; it was at once the best and the most successful piece he had till then produced; in it he gave wider scope to his sensibility than he had been able to do before, and all the pieces obtained a degree of popularity and fashion which none of his former compositions had enjoyed. The moment was favourable, and probably Herold would have at once taken the rank of which he was worthy, if his engagement at the opera as conductor of the singers had not deprived him of the leisure necessary to profit by the tardy justice the public seemed at length disposed to do to his merits. Two years before he had quitted his situation of accompanist at the Italian Theatre for that of conductor of the chorusses, and in 1827, he accepted the post above mentioned. From that time, fatigued with a thousand occupations totally incompatible with the repose and freedom necessary for achieving works of imagination, he found it out of his power to take advantage of the favourable tide of circumstances, and at once put the seal on his reputation. The little leisure he had was given up to writing the music for a few ballets; in 1827 he wrote for the Opera the ballets of *Astolphe et Joconde*, and *La Somnambule*, both in three acts; in 1828, *Lydia*, a ballet in one act, and *Cendrillon*, a ballet in three: about the same period he also produced the overture, chorusses, &c. in the drama of *Missolonghi*, performed at the Odeon.

In 1829, three years after the production of his opera of *Marie*, he brought out a one-act operetta full of charming passages, entitled *L'Illusion*. The music was of a melancholy and impassioned cast: for the overture he adopted the one he had some years before written for *L'Amour Platonique*. In the same year the king conferred the decoration of the legion of honour upon him, a distinction to which he was justly entitled. *Emmeline*, an opera in three acts, which he brought out in 1830, was unsuccessful; but he took a splendid revenge the next year, by producing his *Zampa*, a work worthy of the first masters, and which ranked Herold at once amongst the most celebrated composers of France. Abundance of fine subjects, characteristic expression of the passions, dramatic power, a deep genius for harmony and instrumentation, all are to be found in this work, the success of which has been as brilliant in Germany as it was in France. A short time after, M. Herold contributed with other numerous composers towards the music of the *Marquise de Brinville*.

Whether it was the weight of his labours at the Opera, or the fatigue occasioned by his recent return to the pen, or whatever was the cause, about this time M. Herold found his health give way. Still young, he might have arrested the progress of disease, if he would have had recourse to entire repose and a change of climate; but nothing could persuade him to quit the theatre of his success, or to cease from his labours. In spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, he continued to follow the line of life he had laid out for himself, and it was not until the insidious malady had fatally undermined his constitution, that he himself became conscious of alarm. The new management of the Opéra Comique were in want of new operas, which it was necessary also should be ready in a short time; Herold had in his portfolio the score of the *Pré aux Clercs*, but to furnish it for bringing before the public required a degree of time, study, and preparation, which the situation of the theatre would not allow. Herold wrote off-hand an operetta in one act, which, though a trifle, shows the hand of a master. This last production preceded a short time the production of his *Pré aux Clercs*, a work of a softer character than his *Zampa*, but not less happily conceived.

It was the song of the swan. The pulmonary complaint which had been un-

dermining his life, now made every day the most alarming progress. The agitation attending the casting and bringing out of his opera hastened the catastrophe, and in less than a month from his last triumph, the artist was in his tomb, his friends, and all who knew the man, were plunged in profound grief, and even those who had no knowledge of him but from his works, sincerely and sorely regretted that his career should have been so suddenly and prematurely closed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We readily insert the following letter, though not a little amused at the capitious tone of the writer. Had he waited, he would have found that we should have noticed the subject of the Chamber Concerts in the present number; as to the other circumstance, in reference to which he insists on speaking "by the card," it rests between him and the valued correspondent who supplied us with the Memoir of Mori; not but that we think, according to the old saying, the difference is precisely that between "six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other."—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your last number, dated 18th July, I observe (in the Memoir of Mori) an assertion that "Mori, &c., established the justly-termed Classical Chamber Concerts, a series of musical entertainments well-known on the continent, and *not altogether unfamiliar* to English musicians, though hitherto there had not been any *effective* efforts made to establish them in this country." Again (by quoting a contemporary journal without comment on his observations, you of course give your sanction to them): "To Mr. Mori, &c., are the professors, &c., of this country greatly indebted for placing this metropolis, by the introduction of classical quartett concerts, &c."

Now let us examine the truth of all this. Did you never, sir, in your vast musical experience, hear of such men as Blagrove, Gattie (Sherrington, I believe, was *then* tenor), Dando, and Lucas? *Their* party was made up, and *their* concerts *begun*, before *Mr. Mori* was pleased to honour them by *his* opposition. Look to the "Chronicle's" critique on one of the first of Mori's concerts, I think the last in the first season of them: he says, and justly, that, without discussing the relative merits of either party, "to Mr. Blagrove, &c., belongs the merit of *introducing* these concerts, although some may be disposed to consider Mori and Co. as superior."

Now, sir, instead of first saying, *yourself*, that they were "*not altogether unfamiliar*," and that "no *effective* efforts" had been made—and afterwards quoting and adapting as your own the assertion that "the public owed to *Mr. Mori* the *introduction* of such entertainments" (the first barely honest, the second *decidedly the reverse*), could it have injured the reputation of Mr. Mori, would it not have been more liberal and straightforward to the *junior party* (of course I mean as regards standing in the profession) to have stated in so many words that he was the second in the field, and that owing to his talents and exertions the rooms, no matter how large, were nightly crowded? Also, that the public taste was so well gratified, that each party, each successive season, advanced in favour?

Again, in another part of the Memoir, you state that. "owing to the illness of a celebrated professor* Mori, jun., had allotted to him the task of playing at sight all that was to be performed by the veteran." Not so, sir: Mori (unfortunately no longer *jun.*) neither on that occasion, nor on any other that I have heard him, played anything but the violin. Moralt away—I will say *indisposed* if you please—Tolbecque took his tenor *à merveille* (I shall not easily forget poor Mori's *bravos* at his execution of a fearfully difficult passage), and young Mori supplied the place of Tolbecque's violin: so much for *accuracy*. These things may not be very important sir, but the truth is easily attainable. Lest I be accused of partiality to Blagrove, I may state in conclusion that I have attended Mori's "*classicals*" *only* from the first that was given. I remain, sir,

Most obediently your's,

PHILAETHES.

London, July 22, 1839.

* Moralt.

OMNIANA.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC. — There is a melancholy music in autumn : the leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast ; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest, yet, in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire, and the voices of my many sisters might scarce remove it. Then for the music of winter. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered. And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground ; and you would listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together." You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well-set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier ; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness ; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface ; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo ; and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.—*N. P. Willis.*

IT MAY NOT be generally known, that the musicians of London (if they chose to exert the powers confided to them) have a charter, granted by James the First, under the name of "*The Company of the Musicians of London.*" He gave them a coat of arms, azure a swan argent, within a treasure counterfure or ; in a chief gules, a rose between two lions or ; and the celestial sign Lyra for a crest. The original intention of the founder of this Company was, that the

regularly instructed and competent musicians should be enabled to practise their art and profession to the exclusion of ignorant and unskilful pretenders, and in consequence of the neglect of this charter, such hordes of charlatans and impudent pretenders are turned loose upon the public (whose ignorance of the principles of music lays them open to imposture of every kind) that it has become a general remark—there is worse singing now heard in public concert rooms than in private society. The concert season is terminating, and upon a review of the materials of which the majority of these exhibitions have consisted, we must confess the prospects for the higher classes of the art seem poor indeed. The Ancient Concert has brought forward *nothing!* from its valuable stores of musical works now mouldering on the shelves, worth a moment's recollection. The specimen of *Bach* failed last year; that was sufficient to damp the ardour of the noble director in his vigorous pursuit after musical knowledge. The *Philharmonic* has repeated the same symphonies (beautiful it must be confessed) that we have heard fifty times over. The only examples of novelty in composition have occurred when solo instrumentalists, Messrs. David, Haumann, Doehler, &c., have played their own pieces, to show off their chief peculiarities; but for these occasionally, and a new singer or two, the subscribers would have been treated to an expensive and oft-repeated concert. The decease of Mori will probably open the way to some reform in the choral vocal pieces for the next season, which he is known to have been chiefly instrumental in keeping down, not only at the *Philharmonic*, but wherever his influence could reach. Indeed, the almost avowed object can hardly be mistaken, the *vocal* pieces have been brought in only as *foils* to the instrumental. The statue is placed where the pedestal should be. The *Società Armonica* has been more successful this year than usual. The principal Italian singers, including Pauline Garcia, Mad. Dorus, &c., have been the chief attraction. The Oratorio performances at Exeter Hall still continue; *Joshua*, the *Messiah*, and one or two others, well performed, attract crowded audiences, at the reasonable price of three shillings for admission, that is, when the tickets are not surreptitiously bought up by persons who make large profits by this disreputable tax upon the public purse, which the directors of this society (The Sacred Harmonic) are bound to prevent.—*The Analyst*.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

The Bübu, a Comic Opera, by Marschner.—(From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.)—A review of what has been done in the operatic department for the last few years, does not produce the most agreeable result. In Italy there is always a *Maestro* or *Maestrino*, who puts himself in a flutter to produce every season the requisite number of scores, scarcely one of which lives to see the next. Paris sends forth yearly several *Operas de Conversation*, and every now and then a brilliant spectacle, which then makes the tour of Europe, and keeps long in fashion, until a new meteor rises, which, by its still more brilliant decorations, still more striking contrasts, its still more piquant assemblage of scenes, luxurious and horrible, overpowers all that has preceded, sooner or later to be overwhelmed itself. And Germany? Though many a work deserving of acknowledgement may have sprung up, and here and there been duly valued, none has been able to gain a general reception, to become of national importance, wherever the cause might lie, whether in the work itself, or in its relations with the public. A certain timidity on the part of managers, or at least a want of confidence in German Operas, is not to be doubted, for it would be disgraceful to believe that there are not operas in Germany, which would at least make a "Faithful Shepherd," a "Perruquier," or a "Brewer of Preston," kick the beam.

That we might duly estimate the opera named in the title to this article, we might have wished for a closer knowledge of it than is to be derived from a sight of the piano edition, which, of course, only qualifies us to pass an imperfect conditional judgment. However, we think that, from the imperfect outlines of the action, which are presented to us by this edition, we can see that the composer

has not made one of the happiest hits. In the *libretto* we find two faults, one material, in the character of the principal person, the other formal, in the arrangement of the scenes. It seems so clear that the finale of the second act decides the fate of a three-act opera, that we can hardly understand how both poet and composer have regarded this point so little, or rather not at all, as this act concludes with an aria by the Bābu, which is neither dramatic, nor of any great musical importance. As for the principal character it is rather calculated to excite disgust than sympathy. This Bābu is a mere rascal, a repulsive compound of monkish craft and boorish stupidity, a hypocritical insipid voluptuary, and this is so much the worse, as the remaining characters are merely commonplace, and can awaken sympathy merely by what happens to them, not by what they are. Hence the chief interest is in the action, the outlines of which, as far as is possible, we will give as we notice the principal pieces of music singly, prefacing all with some remarks on the music generally. In this, as well as in the action, two heterogeneous elements are discernible, cultivated European manners being brought in contact with the rude, fanatical caste-system of the east. By the composer the latter element, the Asiatic, has been made the predominant, or at least has been treated in the most lively and peculiar manner, and exhibits itself, most conspicuously, in the strange turns both in the melody and harmony, and in the odd snapping (*schnappend*) rhythm. Here, as well as in the effective instrumentation, as far as we can judge from the piano-edition, the composer of "Der Vampyr" and "Heiling," is to be recognized. The two elements are very happily blended in the overture, which consisting (as is ordinarily the case) of melodies from the opera, becomes from its varied character, and its rich interesting instrumentation, a very effective piece. The same may be said of the introduction, in which we find the Bābu before the judge contending with an opponent named Ali, from whom by the means of false witnesses and a forged deed, he gains a possession. The two opponents, the judge, who insists on forms to a ridiculous extent, a weak (or rather pretended weak) attorney, with the chorus of witnesses, give the *ebauche* of a picture, which the music fills up with the most lively colouring. The Bābu's passion for Dilafröse, the daughter of Ali, is repulsed by her father with scorn. A romance by Dilafröse, is one of the most interesting pieces in the whole opera, perhaps the most striking for invention and conception; but it is too long for three verses especially as it follows a duet, of which the beautiful melody and simple yet artistical conduct of the voices are greatly to be commended, but which is likewise too much diffused. By these two pieces the action, which is hardly yet in train, is too much impeded. An aria of the Forester (the Forester and Dilafröse are the *he* and *she*) is rich in melody and full of feeling, without much originality. The finale which follows, is the brilliant culminating point of the whole opera, from the press of incidents as well as from the scenic effects. Festive magnificence, processions, and ballets by dwarfs and sailors, rapid successions of comic and interesting situations are here assisted by music which, with an ever-busy pencil, gives warm life and colouring to the rich picture. Unfortunately the effect thus produced is paralyzed by a long act with only one incident that operates decisively on the action, namely the carrying off of Dilafröse by four persons in disguise; and this does not stand at the end of the act, where it would have been sure to produce a more exciting effect than the vengeance-breathing aria of the cowardly, disgusting Bābu,—but in the middle. Even in a musical respect this act is none of the richest, as, except the "abduction quintet," a tender song by Dilafröse, and the tragical scene with the duet between Dilafröse and the Forester are alone remarkable. Even the concluding air by Bābu would have been more in its place and more effective anywhere else than where it stands. The third act opens with a quintet by the Forester, three persons of the second rank, and Ali, who rushes in and announces Dilafröse's disappearance. Suspicion falls on the Bābu, and then—do they rush after him!—No! they first sing: "*Freunde, ihm nach! eilt, eilt ihm nach!*"* and then afterwards, "*Wehe dir, Bābu!*"† The Bābu, in the meanwhile tries to ingratiate himself with Dilafröse by a dance, which she has proposed as the price of her favour, and a *pas de deux* is introduced,

* Friends, after him! hasten, hasten after him!

† Woe to thee, Bābu!

which is not wanting in grotesque effect. He falls to sleep wearied: she wishes to fly but stops to sing something. Presently come the avengers and the rescuers, the Babu is unmasked, and declared to be a coiner, a forger of deeds, an abductor of maidens, &c. &c.—*gia ognuno lo sa*. In the quintet and finale in this act there is much that is clever and beautiful in a musical point of view, and much that is dramatically effective, but yet scarcely enough to redeem the defects of the second act. However even this second act might be altered, as well for its own advantage as for that of the whole piece, by transporting the "abduction quintet" to the end, especially as the development of the piece and the arrangement of the scenes appear to offer no impediment to such transposition. Hence the alteration is easy and must make an improvement—how far, the experiment must decide. Let the alteration be made.

ANCIENT CLAVIER* MUSIC. — DOMINICO SCARLATTI. — JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. — (From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.) — A number of interesting ancient compositions newly reprinted, are lying before us. Haslinger, in Vienna, has published in numbers a beautiful edition of Dominico Scarlatti's *Clavier* works.† The first four numbers contain thirty-three rapid themes, which give us a faithful picture of Scarlatti's style. There is much about him that is remarkable, and distinguishes him from his contemporaries. What we may call the harnessed order of Bach's ideas is not to be found in him, he is far more unrestrained, flighty, and rhapsodical; indeed, it is sometimes difficult to follow him, so rapidly does he twine and untwine his threads; his style, compared with the works of his time, is curt, pleasant, and *piquante*. Important as is the position taken by his works in the literature of *clavier* compositions, on account of their containing much that was new for their time, the many-sided use of the instrument, and finally, on account of the left-hand appearing more independently than it had done before, still we must confess that there is much in them which can please us no longer; and what is more, ought not to please us.

How could such composition ever vie with the works of one of our better composers? How awkward is the form! how uncultivated the melody! how confined the modulation! Compare him to Bach! It is, as an ingenious composer once observed in a comparison between Emanuel and Sebastian Bach, "as if a dwarf came among giants." Nevertheless, the Coryphæi of the different schools should not remain unknown to the pianist, for Scarlatti manifestly brought the art of *clavier*-playing to a higher grade. Only too much should not be played in immediate succession, as the pieces, both in movement and character, greatly resemble each other; performed sparingly, and at the right time, they will still produce a good effect upon the hearers. The collection is to be considerable, and fill about thirty *hefte*. An older, imperfect edition, published likewise at Vienna, is out of print, and far from neat. The work of Herr Czerny consists in the fingering which he has added; we do not understand the use of this any more than that of a fingering over Bach's compositions.

A wish that we once expressed, that a complete edition of Bach's works might be thought of, seems to have produced good fruit, so far, at least, as regards his *clavier*-compositions, and we must thank the firm of C. T. Peters for carrying on the great undertaking with so much vigour. They have lately published two new parts, of which the first contains the well known "*Art de la Fugue*," complete for two instruments, as far as two fugues, and concluding with two fugues from the "*Musikalisches Opfer*" (the Musical Sacrifice). According to a regulation of Herr Czerny, one *heft* is always to consist of pieces of the same class, as *e. g.* one of pieces for one instrument, another of pieces for two, and so on. This division does not seem to us very profound, nor very advantageous either for purchaser or publisher; because the former will buy something incomplete, and the latter will be able to sell but few single *heftes*. However, the edition deserves the highest commendation on account of the careful engraving and excellent revision.

The fourth part of this new edition contains a collection of single valuable

* We have thought it best to retain the word "*Clavier*," the meaning of which, when applied to editions, and classes of works, extends to all instruments with keys and strings.—ED.

† In this edition the fingering is marked by Czerny.

pieces, of which six till now have remained unprinted, and for which the publishers, as we suspect, are indebted to the kindness of Herr T. Hauser.

We wish a rapid progress to the undertaking, as we cannot obtain a richer prize. Bach's works are a capital for all time.

Herr Kistner has begun an edition of Bach's "*Clavier-concerti*," with the celebrated one in D minor, the same which Mendelssohn some years ago performed publicly at Leipzig, to the great delight of the few, but which excited small interest in the many. This *concerto* is one of his greatest masterpieces, the first movement concluding much in the same manner as the first of Beethoven's symphony in D minor. Zelter spoke the truth when he said—"This *cantor* of Leipzig is an incomprehensible manifestation of the Deity."

But Bach appears most nobly, most boldly, as if in his own element when at his organ. Here he seems to know neither goal nor measure, but labours for centuries. We should mention a new edition of six preludes and fugues, which had already appeared at Riedel's in Vienna, and which Haslinger has lately published. To organists they will be well-known. No. 4 is the wonderful prelude in C minor.

TO A DEPARTED SISTER.*

[The following lines suggested themselves after the perusal of the account of Lady Flora Hastings' Funeral, given in the *Court Gazette*.]

Dear sister! I remember thee,
From early childhood's dawn,
When our young hearts awoke to bliss
With each succeeding morn;
When not a tear bedew'd thy cheek,
Nor sigh disturb'd thy breast,
Oh! still I think I hear thy voice
Though thou art sunk to rest.

Dear sister! I remember thee,
In youth's fresh buoyant day,
A friend thou wert to guide my steps,
In virtue's hallow'd way;
Thy love possess'd a charm beyond
The light of pleasure's beams,
And still though you are sunk to rest,
You visit me in dreams.

Dear sister! I have watch'd beside
Thy bed, with anxious care,
When the chill blight of fell disease,
Through *scandal* stretch'd thee there;
Then not a murmur from thy lips
Was ever heard to stray,
Good angels beckon'd thee from earth,
And all its ills away.

Dear sister! I have seen thee laid
Upon thy sable bier,
And follow'd in the mournful train,
Beside a mother dear;
Have placed thee in thy narrow home,
Have tears shed fast for thee,—
Who in my early, happy days,
Oft wept and pray'd for me.

* Poetry and music being twin sisters, of "imagination both compact," and the subject being one of peculiar interest, we hope to deserve our readers' thanks by giving insertion to the above affecting stanzas.—ED.

Dear sister! when at night the stars
 Shed forth their holy light,
 I gaze on them, for they recall
 Past visions pure and bright;
 Perchance in heaven's firmament,
 A star thou'lt ever shine,
 With beams as bright and beautiful,
 And lustre as divine.

Dear sister! there is *One* supreme,
 Who reigns o'er earth and sky,
 Who makes each virtuous cause his own,
 Who listens to our cry;—
 To Him, who gives the ravens food,
 Who reads the hearts of all,
 I kneel for *pardon* on those heads—
 That caused *my sister's fall*.

July 23rd, 1839.

WILLIAM COLLIER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUMOUR is very busy with Rossini, his intentions, and future movements; meanwhile Rossini is enjoying himself in Italy.

A NEW OPERA is promised at the English Opera-House. We trust that it will be as much English and as little German or Italian as possible.

CRAMER is winning all sorts of praises from the Parisian journalists; his beautiful execution of one of Haydn's *Andantes*, with variations, is now the chief theme of their eulogies.

THALBERG has certainly bid farewell to the London public; but then it is his gracious intention to return and scour the provinces. "But often took leave, and seemed loth to depart," says the poet.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL will commence on Tuesday, September the 10th. The conductor, Mr. Clark, has been in London for some time engaging performers, and making other preparatory arrangements. The principal singers will be Madame Persiani, Clara Novello, Miss Beale, and Miss M. B. Hawes—Signor Tamburini, Messrs. Bennet, Vaughan, Edmonds, Machin, and Phillips. How comes it that Miss Birch has thrown up her engagement to sing at this festival, for engaged she certainly was? Will any correspondent enlighten us?

A DIFFICULTY GOT OVER.—Managers, more especially operatic managers, are constantly at the mercy of the colds, the sensitive-plant nature, and the other voluntaries of singers, as well as to the imperatively enforced demands of orchestras. Why not supply their place with musical *automata*; and then if anything went wrong the clockmakers could set all to rights?

A CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC has just been founded at Narbonne by the Municipal Council of that town. When will our Corporations establish anything more mental than a turtle-feast?

OUR DRAMATIC SINGERS boast the distinguishing pre-eminence of being the worst of any country—in virtue of their vanity and ignorance.

HALEVY's new opera, *Le Sheriff*, is in rehearsal at the theatre of the Opera Comique.

SPONTINI is off from Berlin to preside at a grand musical festival given by the King of Prussia.

THE ACADEMY has refused to perform Spontini's operas for three rather astounding reasons. Firstly, it refuses to repeat his two fine works, *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, because they were produced before the revolution of July; secondly, it rejects the various operas which he has composed in Germany because they were produced abroad; thirdly, it will accept no new opera from his hands because it does not choose!—*La France Musicale*.

NOTICE.

In our next we purpose giving a review of all the music which has come to hand, since our last notice of the kind; in fact, clearing off all arrears. Our "Theatrical Summary" is likewise behind-hand; but it shall be brought up and discharged at the same time.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The decease of this highly accomplished, amiable, and we grieve to add, unfortunate lady, has induced the publication of an exceedingly attractive song, entitled "She is gone!" in which we find so much of good feeling, united with the purest sentiment, that we have great pleasure in recommending it to the notice of all who feel interested in the cause of suffering innocence. The poetry, by Charles Jefferys, has been beautifully set to music by Nelson; and, published, as it is, with a fine

PORTRAIT OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS, cannot fail to become universally popular.—*Chronicle.*

Jefferys and Co., 31, Frith Street, London.

TWO CHORAL SOCIETIES, &c.—

Just published, a Second Edition of the favourite Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry Vale," arranged in the original key for male voices. Sold by Calkin and Bado, 118, Pall Mall, of whom may be had the Collection of the Words of Madrigals, &c., in 1 vol, price 12s., and all the other musical works edited by Thomas Oliphant, Esq., Hon. Secretary to the Madrigal Society.

THALBERG.—The Andante in D

flat, Op. 32; A Scherzo, Op. 31; the Grand Fantasia on the Prayer from Mose, Op. 33, composed and performed by S. Thalberg, are now published. Also, in the press, the following Works by the same great Master:—A Grand Nocturno, Op. 35; an Impromptu, Op. 36; a Divertissement on an Air from the Gipsy's Warning; the Grand Duet for two Performers on two Pianofortes, as performed by the Author and Theodore Dohler; the Same for two Performers on one Pianoforte; also the Andante in D flat, and the Fantasia on the Prayer from Mose, arranged for two Performers, by S. Thalberg.

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